A

PASTORAL PUKE.

A SECOND

SERMON

PREACHED BEFORE

The People called WHIGS.

By an INDEPENDENT.

Δείδιμεν, ἐν δοιῇ δε σαωσέμεν, ἢ ἀπολέσθαι. Hom.

We fear, in as much as we are in doubt, whether we ſhall be ſaved or periſh.

Affatim eſt hominum, in dies qui ſingulas Eſcas edunt,
Quibus Negotii nihil eſt, qui eſum neque vocantur neque vocari,
Eos oportet Concioni dare operam. PLAUTUS MENECHMI.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

TO THE

LATIN READER.

LAMBIN, and the reſt of the Commentators upon the Author, from whom I have taken the Latin Motto for this Sermon, ſeem not to underſtand the Senſe of that Paſſage, *in dies qui ſingulas Eſcas edunt*; ſay they are thoſe, who only eat one Meal a Day; but I confeſs, I don't ſee how the eating only one Meal a Day can prepare a Man better either for compoſing of, or attending to a Sermon. In either Caſe it ſeems to require a more than ordinary Suſtenance to ſupport ſo great a Labour: And accordingly my Author is very particular in the Regimen, which he requires to qualify People for ſuch an Office. The Meaning of the whole Paſſage I take to be as follows: There are abundance of People (in this Town) who ſit down every Day to Batchelor's Commons, without any domeſtic Care or Interruption, who have no earthly Buſineſs or Concern to call off their Attention; no Engagements at home, no Invitations from abroad. All Men, ſo prepared, are naturally qualified to become Preachers, and inſtruct others; or Auditors, and patient Receivers of Inſtruction. I am

ſtill inclined to believe, that I have hit upon the true Meaning of *ſingulas Eſcas*, which I interpret the Meals of a ſingle Man, and not any Man's ſingle Meal: Becauſe I am ſenſible, that without that Circumſtance, I ſhould have had other Employment found for me than the Taſk which I have undertaken; neither could I, with any Propriety, have been called what I ſubſcribe myſelf,

An INDEPENDENT.

A PASTORAL PUKE.

TEXT, Rev. Chap. III. Ver. 15, 16, 17.

I Know full well your Works of old,
That you are neither cold nor hot;
Would you were either hot or cold,
Your Works of old ſhould be forgot.

You're lukewarm all, you have no Worth;
Your Ways are crooked and uncouth,
And therefore I will caſt you forth,
And ſpew you all out of my Mouth.

Becauſe

Becauſe you ſay, that you are priz'd,
Are powerful, and in Plenty roll,
And know not, that you are deſpis'd,
Naked, and blinder than a Mole.

One need not be a deep Divine,
Nor many myſtic Books inſpect,
To ſhew, theſe Words plainly deſign
The trimming *Tepidarean* Sect;

Neither of *Zeno*'s rigid School,
Nor Pleaſure's School of Non-reſiſtance;
But of the School of an old Fool,
That doubts even his own Exiſtence;

A wav'ring quibbling Sect contriv'd,
To free the Mind from all Preciſion,
Indoctrinated, and reviv'd,
By *Hollis* the Academician:

A Sect that creeps into moſt States,
That ev'ry Man of Spirit damns;
And ev'ry honeſt Woman hates,
For their Unſteadineſs and Shams:

By

By whom all Princes are betray'd,
All noble Projects are defeated,
And ev'ry Widow, Wife, and Maid,
Are tantaliz'd, abus'd and cheated.

Like Huſſars they ſeem always ready;
But when the Danger's within reach,
They neither in the Field ſtand ſteady,
Nor in the Trenches, nor the Breach.

As Folly's not their greateſt Fault,
Thro' dirtier Paths than hers they've trudged,
You may obſerve, if you will halt,
How mercifully they are judged.

No Fines, no Priſon—Tribulation,
No Loſs of Members, to afflict them,
Only for Qualms which they occaſion,
Spew'd out like *Vinum Benedictum*.

Or to come nearer to the Matter,
When acid Crudities rebuke,
Taken and ſwallow'd like warm Water,
Tho' merely to provoke a Puke.

So

So ſome of you were for a Seaſon,
When your four Brethren caus'd great Pain,
Swallow'd, for no other Reaſon,
Than to diſgorge you both again.

Better diſcharge the peccant Acid,
For tho' their Mixture ſhould create
A Neutral, innocent and placid,
A Neutral's always a dead Weight.

Better to clear them both away,
Than leave them wambling in the Guts,
Windy and * flatulent as Whey,
And *indigeſtible* as Nuts.

* Flatulent as Whey.] *Rapin* tells us, that the *Scotch* firſt of all called them *Whigs*, from *Whig*, a Liquor in that Country, which he tranſlates *Lait Aigre*, ſour Milk or Butter-milk. But he is miſtaken, as Mr. *Johnſon* judiciouſly obſerves in his Diſtinction of the Word *Whig* into its ſimple and figurative Senſe.

1. WHIG— WHEY.

2. A FACTION. *See* Johnſon's *Dictionary in* WHIG.

I cannot forbear in this Place acknowledging the Obligation we are under to Mr. *Johnſon*, for extending the Benefits of the Union to the Two Languages. I hope in the next Edition he will be able to lay aſide invidious Diſtinctions, and make a compleat *Britiſh* Dictionary.

I've

I've run the Metaphor quite through,
And taken as much Pains as Ten Men,
To ſhew how beautifully true
The Figures are of ſacred Penmen.

And now the Trimmer ſhall be try'd,
If guilty, by St. *John*'s Deciſion,
Let an Emetick be apply'd,
Let him be ſpew'd out with Deriſion.

Firſt then I'll ſearch, nay, never wince,
The Trimmer's Conduct quite thro' Life,
To God, his Country, and his Prince,
His Neighbour, Family, and Wife.

Then by my Text, in all theſe Caſes,
You'll ſee their Condemnation ſeal'd,
And ſee, they ought to loſe their Places,
Although it had not been reveal'd.

Concerning Heaven, and Heaven's Vicegerent,
I'll touch upon the firſt but ſlightly;
Yet they are ſubjects ſo coherent,
One cannot ſeparate them rightly.

G—D and the K—G, we're told, are jealous,
Tho' none can do them any Harm,
Which muſt make pious People zealous,
And loyal People very warm.

We ſee enough in a dim Light
To love and honour theſe high Powers,
With all our Hearts and all our Might,
Both for their own Sakes and for ours.

We can do them no good, we know,
But, they can puniſh Us, you own,
Therefore our Thanks at leaſt we owe,
Ev'n for letting us alone.

Inſtead of ſeaſonable Weather,
If we had always Snow and Hail;
Or wooden Shoes inſtead of Leather;
Or Vinegar inſtead of Ale;

If we were worn to Skin and Bone,
Driven and beaten like an Aſs,
For Bread preſented with a Stone,
And for roaſt Beef a little Graſs;

As Fortune's not in our Diſpoſal,
We ought, inſtead of taking Pet,
To make the beſt of the Propoſal,
If 'tis the beſt that we can get.

Theſe Things befal many a Land,
In many more may be appointed,
They come like Earthquakes out of hand,
If it pleaſe G—D and G—D's Anointed.

What could we either do or ſay?
Why ſhould we pout, and ſhew our Malice?
Rather why ſhould not we be gay,
Like Frenchmen dancing in the Gallies?

This is the Argument in *France*,
" 'Tis not the worſt, that cou'd arrive,
" We have ſufficient Cauſe to dance,
" Becauſe we are not flea'd alive."

Reaſons as fine, as Head can ſpin,
I from the Stoick School could quote,
To prove that pulling off your Skin
Is juſt like pulling off your Coat.

But as the *Cynick* left his Stool,
To confute thoſe that deny'd Motion,
Theſe of the Gally-*Gallick* School,
Dance to confute the Stoick's Notion.

How diff'rent is our Fate from theirs!
But we are fill'd with all good Things:
Becauſe we're fervent in our Prayers,
And more obedient to our Kings:

That they confide in our Intentions,
From their Forbearance we may draw
Heav'n leaves Us to our own Inventions,
And the K—G leaves Us to the Law.

The beſt of Whigs in either Duty
Is cold as Ice, I own with Grief,
Of Holineſs the greateſt Beauty,
The greateſt Toaſt's a Tory Chief.

Whilſt like a Highland Chief intrepid,
He ſticks at nought for a good Cauſe;
The Trimmer moves on dull and tepid,
Like muggy Weather, when it thaws.

All

All his Devotion's faint and flat,
He looks at Court, ev'n in the Ring,
Juſt as indiff'rent as a Cat,
When a Cat's looking at a King.

St. *John* of *Patmos* tells a Story,
When he was there on his Devotions,
I do believe, he was a Tory,
He is ſo warm in all his Notions.

An Angel, that was ſtanding by,
And heard the Zeal, that *John* profeſs'd,
Conceiving Doubts reſolv'd to try,
And put his Mettle to the Teſt.

He had been watching there incog,
And could not think he was ſincere,
John was ſo ill-a-looking Dog,
With ſo inſidious a Leer.

The Angel ſuddenly diſplay'd
His Plumage, bright with heav'nly Lights,
John ſeem'd not in the leaſt diſmay'd,
He was accuſtom'd to ſuch Sights.

John, ſaid the Angel, by your Mien
I know your Wants, before you ſpeak,
You look as hungry and as lean,
As if you'd faſted for a Week.

Why crawl upon your Knees, and flatter,
Sing Pſalms and Hymns, and pray and watch?
A Pſalm, by way of growing fatter,
Has no more Virtue than a Catch.

Behold, I bring you a great Treat,
Why don't you ſay ſo, when you're needy?
Reſtorative and juicy Meat,
So take your Time, and be not greedy.

Eat, ſaid the Angel, never ſpare,
And tell me, how you like the Cook?
Would you believe? the Angel's Fare
Was nothing but a little Book.

John ſeiz'd the Book with eager Haſte,
His Faith converted it to Jelly,
Sweeter than Honey to the Taſte,
A grateful Bitter to the Belly.

Well haſt thou done, the Angel cry'd,
Of thee there is no farther Queſtion;
For thy Obedience has been try'd,
And yields to nought but thy Digeſtion.

This is a Type, and a true Symbol
Of unconditional Submiſſion,
To rouſe you like a brazen Tymbal,
From a lethargic Oppoſition;

To arm yourſelves with Faith compleatly,
On ſhuffling Doubts boldly to trample,
In every Point ſubmitting meetly,
And following St. *John*'s Example.

What had he gain'd by Unbelief?
Could not an Angel, if he would,
Change a Book either into Beef,
Or into any Kind of Food?

If *John* had doubted but in Thought,
The Angel might have been provok'd;
He might have cramm'd it down his Throat,
And *John* perhaps might have been choak'd.

Whereas

Whereas by taking it for granted,
And by his dutiful Behaviour,
John fill'd his Belly, which he wanted,
And eat himſelf into great Favour.

I ſhould be glad, in ſuch a Caſe,
To ſee a Whig, how he'd behave ;
And to behold a Trimmer's Face,
How he would ſet about to ſhave.

The Whig would view the Book with Rage,
To ſee him would divert the Trimmer,
He would not eat a ſingle Page,
Tho' 'twas no bigger than a Primer.

A little Book! And what of that ?
I will not ſwallow it I ſwear,
'Tis againſt *Magna Charta* flat,
As *Glyn* and *Pratt* will both declare.

Eat it ! By all that's good not I,
Be it no bigger than a Pill ;
I'll tell you how far I'll comply,
My Breech may eat it, if it will.

The Trimmer would appear reſerv'd,
And beg to be allow'd to ſpeak;
That every one muſt have obſerv'd,
His Stomach was but very weak;

His Faith was ſtrong as Heart could wiſh,
And he believed the Book inſpired;
That he would vote it Fleſh or Fiſh,
Or vote it both, if 'twas requir'd.

Like *Dutchmen*, poſitive and bold,
The Whigs are a rude churliſh Faction,
Tho' naturally ſlow and cold,
They may be work'd up into Action.

Like Mules, not apt to loſe their Feet,
O'er Precipices ſafe and able;
A Trimmer is that made-up Cheat;
A Horſe out of a Dealer's Stable.

The firſt their Views confin'd by Blinds,
By Bells amus'd, and kept from ſleeping,
May be made ſerviceable Hinds,
The latter will not pay their Keeping.

O for a Tory Generation!
Generous Hunters, true-bred Racers!
Even a muliſh Congregation,
Is better than our trimming Pacers.

We'll now examine other Facts,
And try, whether we can deduce
From any of the Trimmer's Acts,
That he's of any Kind of Uſe.

But to proceed by that ſtrict Plan
To which both you and I are ty'd,
His Country's the next Point to ſcan,
And how he ſerves it, you'll decide.

Before Folks talk of being firm,
And dying for their Country's Good,
It would be proper, that the Term,
Our Country, ſhould be underſtood.

Country's a general Term; like Wine,
Implying various Kinds of Drink,
'Tis not ſo eaſy to define,
As ſome unthinking People think.

Wine with the Chaplain ſtands for Port,
French Wines the Patriot's Veins repleniſh,
Tokay, perhaps, means Wine at Court,
Perhaps Wine there means nought but Rheniſh.

Give us our daily Bread we pray,
For this we pray, and we pray right,
But tho' we ſay all the ſame Way,
Some mean brown Bread, and ſome mean white.

Others extend it beyound Bounds,
Terms are ſo difficult to fix,
The Squire takes in his Pack of Hounds,
His Wife includes her Coach and Six.

So *Country* in remoter Climes
Has many various Acceptations,
The Senſe oft varies with the Times,
And oftener with Situations.

In *Switzerland*, (they're in the Right)
Country means there both poor and rich,
In *Rome* a Beldame, an old Fright,
The Vulgar take her for a Witch.

In *Portugal* 'tis Fire and Faggot,
In *France* a Salique Conſtitution,
In *England* quite an *Engliſh* Maggot,
Country means there, the *Revolution.*

Tho' the beſt *Engliſhmen* on Earth
Be for the Revolution hearty,
Yet the Whigs muſt excite one's Mirth,
When they confine it to their Party.

Whilſt theirs ſeems to be plann'd in Spite,
Excluſive, like the *Iriſh* Pale,
The Revolution Cocobite,
Plans his upon the largeſt Scale.

Try then the Trimmer by ſome Plan,
By either of the Revolutions,
The Trimmer's ſtill the lukewarm Man,
Always for tepid Conſtitutions.

Their Country's like a Screen, you'll find,
Which having plac'd as they deſire,
They ſit down cool, retir'd behind,
And never mind the hotteſt Fire.

If they can only ſlip between,
And get a ſafe and pleaſant Seat,
They have no Bowels for the Screen,
Melting and overcome with Heat.

The Country, that ſome Tories mention,
For which they combat Tooth and Nail,
Is but a Country of Invention,
Like Plato's or a Fairy Tale.

" When righteous Magi fill the Throne,
" Say they, and yet they're not in Jeſt,
" That which depends on One alone,
" Of all Countries is the beſt.

Grant the firſt Step, 'tis all they need,
The Schools will prove by Rules of Art,
That * *Caco-Magus*, and his Seed,
Were Monarchs after G—D's own Heart.

Natu-

* *Caco-Magus*, ſo called, ſome People fancy from Κακος. I wiſh it had been ſo, this Paſſage of my Sermon would have been more brilliant on that Account, by the Oppoſition of an evil *Magus* to a righteous one; but I will not hunt for Glory at the Expence of Truth, whatever (encouraged by the Example of my Betters) I may do for Profit. I am therefore obliged to confeſs, that he was called *Caco-Magus*, *a cacando*, a Habit of Body, that he contracted

Naturaliſts will undertake
To ſhew by Arguments of Force,
That from the Nature of his Make,
An Unicorn excels a Horſe.

Beſides the Advantages of Strength,
Of Swiftneſs, and acuter Senſe,
He has a Horn of mighty Length,
Both for Attacking and Defence.

This Point you'll probably diſpute,
Not give up readily at leaſt,
A generous and uſeful Brute,
For an unprofitable Beaſt.

If you keep wrangling, I can't tell
How long ſuch a Diſpute may laſt;
But at the laſt I know full well,
You and your Horſe will both ſtick faſt.

Keep

tracted by the Terrors incident to thoſe Kinds of Studies in which he was engaged his whole Life. *Caco-Magus* was a Succeſſor of *Simon Magus*; whoſe Tenets he maintained in a Book that he wrote, called *Dæmonology*. — The Manuſcript of which Book is ſtill extant amongſt the invaluable Curioſities of the *Bodleian* Collection.

Keep to one Point, or by and by
You'll give up all, if he perſiſts,
Your only Way is to deny
That ſuch an Animal exiſts.

So in that Propoſition quoted,
" When juſt and righteous Magi reign,"
You'll be out-talk'd, and far out-voted
If you will talk in their own Strain.

One weighty Word, when they're moſt ſtiff,
Knocks down abſurd and noiſy Men,
The *Spartans* ſilenced them with *If*,
And you may ſilence them with *When*.

My Tory is not ſuch a Sot,
As he'll convince you more and more,
That is, when you are gone to Pot,
When you're ſpew'd out, but not before.

Don't you remember Lady *Anne*,
How he ador'd her for a Time,
And how his Love at firſt began,
Long after ſhe was paſt her Prime?

Did

Did not he now proteſt and ſwear,
And call'd to witneſs Gods and Men ?
Then was not *Anna* all his Care ?
What Country did he care for then ?

Yet when he got his wicked Will,
How often did he wiſh her dead ?
How often try'd his utmoſt ſkill
To get another in her ſtead ?

From this you cannot well infer,
That my good Friend was falſe or knaviſh ;
For to be always ty'd to her,
And always courting, was too ſlaviſh.

It is high Time to view the Trimmer
In his Relation to his Neighbour,
Where, in one Senſe he's like a Swimmer,
That ſwims with conſtant Fear and Labour.

In limpid ſhallow Pools he keeps,
But if by Chance he be miſtaken,
And plunge ſometimes into the Deeps,
His Skill and Labour ſaves his Bacon.

Suppoſe his Friend by following him
Plunges into the ſame Miſtake,
Altho' he knows his Friend can't ſwim,
He'll hazard nothing for his Sake.

Nay, tho' arriv'd juſt to the Brink,
Deaf to Remorſe, Pity and Pride,
He'll ſee him ſtruggle till he ſink,
And ſee him periſh by his Side.

Who in this Picture can't behold,
If he has Feeling, and attends,
Poor *Wilkes* too credulous and bold,
Deſerted by his trimming Friends?

Suppoſe a Tory leads a Brother
Into much ſuch another Scrape;
I only mean much ſuch another,
As to the ſuffocating Shape.

Let any of you for a while,
Fancy himſelf this leading Tory,
Practiſed in every Tory Wile,
Up to the Ears in Love with Glory;

You ſhall face Death with as much Eaſe,
As *Philip*'s Son that's dead and gone,
So chuſe what Tory Friend you pleaſe,
Or for the Pun's Sake, chuſe Sir *John*.

Would you leave Sir *John P—s* ſo,
Dangling for carrion Birds to batten?
No, tho' to Heaven you would not go
With *Wilkes*, you'd go with him to Satan.

Even the Whigs, that do diſclaim,
And look on Friendſhip as a Sin,
Have always felt a little Shame
For leaving thoſe, that they draw in.

Inſenſible they are and dry,
Yet I don't doubt, but it would ſhock,
And wring a Tear from a Whig's Eye,
To ſee *Pratt*'s Head upon a Block.

You'll ſay, I know, what do you prove,
Nothing at all, as yet we hope,
But that like you, we're not in Love
Either with Drowning or a Rope?

Ah!

Ah! wriggling Rogues, I'll hold you faſt,
Spite of your Twiſts and ſlippery Tails,
Wriggling is out of Date and paſt,
Now nought but downright Strength prevails.

But for this once my hold I'll looſe,
I'll grant, you're not oblig'd to dive,
Nor run your Necks into a Nooſe
For any Friend dead or alive.

But will it follow, or be granted,
That you are active, warm or briſk,
Ready, whenever you are wanted,
When there is neither Harm nor Riſque?

This is the leaſt, that ought to follow,
Yet thoſe, that try'd you, have confeſt,
That for the moſt part you are hollow,
Lukewarm, and languid at the beſt.

How often have you bit the Whigs,
Too cold to bite, like many others,
How often have the City-Prigs
Taken, ye Whigs, and you for Brothers?

By you was artleſs *Holland* bubbled,
And * the Three Virtues baſely trick'd,
Jure Divino ſorely troubled,
And all the Tories fairly nick'd.

Relying on your treacherous Aid,
Their certain Ruin we foreſaw,
Happ'ly your Malice was delay'd
By *Fabius*, and his *Fabian* Law.

And after this can you ſuppoſe,
That all your lukewarm Tribe remaining
Will not be forc'd with the next Doſe
To come away without much ſtraining?

It

* The Three Virtues.] Formerly there were more Virtues, but it has been thought properoflate to reduce them to the Number of the Graces. The Three Virtues now eſtabliſhed are Oeconomy, Temperance and Chaſtity. They are believed to be ſufficient for all wiſe Purpoſes, and certainly are as many as we can well manage. I have ſeen a Medal, upon the Reverſe of which are theſe Three Virtues in a Bas-relief placed over the Gate-way of a Gothic Building: They are dancing, and linked Hand in Hand, but not naked like the Graces; for Virtue ſhould not be oſtentatious. There is alſo this Difference between them, that the Figures of the Virtues are bold and maſculine, it being as neceſſary to repreſent Virtue in the Character of Vigour and Activity, as to repreſent Grace in the Character of Elegance and Softneſs. Over their Heads are theſe Three Letters H. S. G. which I am told ſignify, *Hic Sitæ Gaudent*, a Legend, that ſeems to be borrowed from the Inſcription over her Majeſty's Houſe, *Hic Siti Lætantur Lares.* Tho' the Board of Works has thought proper to pull down that Inſcription, yet we ſee no Reaſon, why the *Lares* may not be as merry now, as in the late Poſſeſſor's Time.

It makes the Tears run down my Cheeks,
When I contemplate, or but mention,
And contraſt with a Trimmer's Freaks
A Tory's Friendſhip and Attention.

There is not one, but does comply
With *Horace*'s kind Invitation
To view his Friend, not like a Spy,
But with a Lover's Faſcination;

That does not, like th' enamour'd Swain,
Hang on each Blemiſh a Love-knot,
Believe, and fervently maintain
A Wen to be a Beauty Spot.

Be his Friend heavier than Lead,
His Thoughts are deep, tho' not quite clear,
He has a calculating Head,
Trade, or the Treaſury's his Sphere.

If he's abſurd, loud, and loquacious,
Let him but ſpeak, he'll be in vogue,
His Eloquence, far from ungracious,
Is but a kind of mental Brogue;

An Eloquence, that wants a Name,
But may have ſome Affinity;
For what we know may be the ſame
With *Livy*'s Patavinity.

If he's a ſneaking, ſervile Wight,
His gentle Nature wins their Hearts,
If he can neither read nor write,
He truſts with Juſtice to his Parts.

Accordingly when you're diſgraced,
When they enjoy, what you enjoy'd,
Every Tory will be placed
Juſt as he ought to be employ'd.

The Secretaries, you are ſure,
Active and drudging like two Diggers,
And for the Treaſury, they'll procure
Men that ſhall make prodigious Figures.

From Owl-light, led thro' dubious Ways,
Worſe than in utter Darkneſs caſt,
We ſhall emerge into bright Days,
And go on ſwimmingly at laſt.

But not to lengthen out the Seſſions,
His Wife and Family come next,
For whom his tendereſt Impreſſions
Are ſtill, according to my Text.

Children, he thinks no more in fact,
Than Debts of Nature's Impoſition ;
Wives are thoſe Debts, that we contract,
In Spite of Nature's Admonition.

Therefore he'd grieve no more to ſee
All of them in their Coffins laid,
Than you to ſee your Mortgagee
Give up your Deeds, with all Debts paid.

What muſt needs follow you'll conceive,
That neither would his Wife grow thinner,
His Son complain, or Daughter grieve,
To ſee him give the Crows a Dinner.

Two roſy Cheeks do not make Health,
Nor Gold and Silver make Folks wealthy ;
Some without either have great Wealth,
And with unhealthful Looks are healthy.

Dine with the Trimmer at his Villa,
And after ſup with him in Town,
You cannot well ſuppoſe his Pillow
Is ſtuff'd with any Thing but Down:

Eſpecially if you conſider
His Wife's not there to make it harder;
'Twould avail little to forbid her,
Therefore the Trimmer ſhall diſcard her.

**Tully*, the greateſt Trimmer known,
And *Quintus* too, both trimm'd with Horns,
Declare, that till they laid alone,
They envied thoſe that laid on Thorns.

Unmarry'd, in a Truckle Bed,
Lay me, ſays *Quintus*, with one Blanket,
In Peace I will lay down my Head,
And every Night ſay G—D be thanked.

* *A ducendâ Uxore ſic abhorret, ut libero Lectulo neget eſſe quidquam jucundius.*— Speaking of his Brother, after he had parted with his Wife, who was Siſter to the famous Trimmer *Atticus*. *Ep. ad Att. L.* 14. *Ep.* 13.

The Trimmer, farther to ſecure him,
Shall have his Miſs under the Roſe;
Alas, what Bliſs can ſhe procure him,
Half ſo good for him as Repoſe!

He can perform with Moderation,
The higheſt Pitch of high Enjoyment;
Juſt like a Game of Meditation,
That's half a Pleaſure, half Employment.

So, notwithſtanding this Prevention,
Be you aſſured, inſtead of Reſt,
He's torturing his poor Invention,
And diſcompoſing all his Neſt.

All his Affairs are gone aſtray,
His Lands engag'd, his Foreſts groan,
His Credit taken Wings, they ſay,
And with his Caſh to *Bath* are flown.

*His Son is running him at *Arthur*'s,
His Servants robbing him below,
His Wife and Daughter catching Tartars,
And both intriguing at *Soho*.

But let us ſhift theſe Scenes of Vice,
And leave the Trimmer to his Fate;
Lo, I will ſhew you Paradiſe,
A Tory on his own Eſtate.

See thoſe vaſt Monuments of Yew!
Superb Remains of Tory Reigns!
Wonders like thoſe the *Arabs* view,
Scow'ring *Palmyra*'s ſandy Plains.

Behind,

* *His Son is running him*—] A new Sport diſcovered by the Gentlemen of that Univerſity. It is made up of a pleaſant Combination of Horſe-races and Cock-fights. As *Cæſar* ſaid to a Man that was haranguing him,—"If you mean to ſing, you are only declaiming; but if you intend to declaim, you are undoubtedly ſinging:" ſo you may ſay of this Diverſion, that if they call it Running, it is as like Fighting; but if they will have it to be Fighting, then it is more like Running.—The Method is this: They run or fight a Whig or a Trimmer, againſt a Cocobite or a Tory; or they make a Subſcription Match, every Subſcriber producing his Cock-horſe, and this may be called a Sweep-Stakes-Battle.

Behind, down in that Bottom look,
Attended by tall Pines in Files,
Cloſe by the Willow-wedded Brook,
See the old Manſion, how it ſmiles!

Enter the lofty Hall, quite lin'd
With Helmets, Halberts, Pikes and Guns,
Where *James* the Firſt by Chance once din'd,
And left a Brace of Latin Puns.

Open, ye everlaſting Doors!
Yon folding Doors at once diſcloſe,
Black Oaken Wainſcot, black Oak Floors,
And Roofs with many an antique Roſe.

See Birds and Beaſts play round the Pannels,
Such as the Gothic Chiſſel breeds,
Thoſe Windows are the only Annals
Of all his great Forefathers' Deeds!

Without purſuing mouldy Pages,
You've nothing farther to diſcuſs,
But to obſerve how many Stages
He has paſs'd thro' to come to Us:

There you may ſee, where he ſets out
Blazon'd by Heraldry profound,
And how, continuing his Route,
Here he is landed ſafe and ſound.

In the great Dining Room, behold,
Hanging diſtinguiſh'd from the reſt,
In gaudy Frames of burniſh'd Gold,
Three Portraits faſhionably dreſt.

That in the Middle, an old Beau,
Who ſeems to be worn out with Sin;
I know not; but, I think I know
Sir *John*, and *Watkin Williams Wynne*.

Mark the old Butler on this head,
His Son, ſays he, with Accent ſad,
Hangs above Stairs by Miſs's Bed,
A ſweet young Gentleman in Plaid.

Step to the Buttery, there review
His houſhold Troops, a faithful Corps,
In Regimentals of true Blue.
Their Heads with Service ſilver'd o'er.

Then to the Kitchen we'll repair,
But drink his Health firſt in Strong Beer,
Heavens, what an hoſpitable Air!
What a Profuſion of good Cheer!

What Looks of Happineſs and Eaſe!
What Joy appears, when he ſeems gay!
And yet, excepting caſual Fees,
Long have they ſerv'd him without Pay.

All earthly Bleſſings here abound,
And multiply *Jure divino*,
Juſt as in Paradiſe they're found,
Without a *Sous* of Ready Rino.

In his meek Spouſe ſupremely happy,
His Heir the loveliеſt of Swains,
With Punch deterſive, and ſmooth Nappy,
He waſhes out his Daughter's Stains.

Rachel his Wife with ſavoury Meat
Regales her patriarchal Lord;
Young *Jacob* with unweary'd Feet,
Covers with Game old *Jacob*'s Board.

Here I could wander for a Week,
So much old *Jacob* I admire,
Did not your frequent Yawns beſpeak
Your Inclination to retire.

I ſhall add very little more,
Juſt ſhew you how St. *John* enlarges,
How to inflame the Trimmer's Score,
He throws in Two or Three more Charges.

" You cry, we've all that Man can crave,
" No, you are wretched, weak, and poor,
" As naked as a Negro Slave,
" As much neglected as a Boor.

" Whilſt for wiſe Serpents you would paſs,
" 'Tis by that Wiſdom you're undone;
" Like blind Worms trod by Ox and Aſs,
" As they lye baſking in the Sun."

Theſe Words, or Words to this Effect,
Are in my Text, for 'tis no Merit,
Or rather 'tis a great Defect,
To ſtick to Words and loſe their Spirit.

And

And thus beyond all Contradiction,
Your Guilt is manifeſt and glaring;
And, to my Sorrow and Affliction,
Your Trimming now is grown paſt bearing.

Expect no Favour, no Remiſſion,
Hear me, ye Trimmers, great and ſmall,
By Virtue of St. *John*'s Commiſſion,
I do condemn you one and all.

Prepare yourſelves for Execution,
When the Evacuation's o'er,
Like *Jonas*, take a Reſolution,
Reſolve to be ſpew'd out no more.

FINIS.

And thus beyond all Contradiction,
Your Guilt is manifest and glaring;
And, to my Sorrow and Affliction,
Your Thrumming now is grown past bearing.

Tyred no Favour, no Remission,
Hear me, ye Thrummers, great and small,
By Virtue of St. John's Commission,
I do condemn you one and all.

Prepare yourselves for Execution,
When the Evacuation's o'er,
Like Jonah, take a Relish
Reclove to be spew'd a[illegible]shore.

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